

mates in the mission school and read from an English reader. How proud he was, and how happy! How he loved the strong, kindly missionary who had been to him a father and a teacher, and the gentle, white-faced woman who had loved and comforted him ever since he was taken into the school, an unhappy little four-year-old five years ago.

Chang was a lively little fellow and liked to play ball as well as any American boy. He was strong, too, and could run swiftly. But he had his day dreams as well, and such beautiful, wonderful plans as he had made! He was going to go to America some day—to great, kind, strong, beautiful America. That was why he tried so hard to learn the queer English words. That was why he worked so hard to learn to sing "America." That was why he loved more than anything else to follow the kind missionary around while he was about his work, asking him countless questions about "May gwa" (beautiful land) America.

One day the missionary called Chang into his study room. Chang wondered at the strange, sad look on his face. He held a paper in his hand.

"Chang," he asked, "do you remember your honorable father?"

"Sir," replied the little fellow, sadly, "I cannot remember my poor father."

"I did not think you could, but he remembers you, and has sent me this letter, asking me to return you to him. Do you want to go?"

"And leave you? And the tai-tai? (honorable lady). Leave you and the school? Oh, H-sin sen (teacher)!" The little fellow was so distressed at the thought that he mixed Chinese with his English and did not know it.) "You surely do not mean to send me away?"

"No, Chang, not that; but your father says he is able to care for you now, and that he needs you. He is planning to go to America, and wants you to go with him. He has promised to put you in an American school and send you to Sunday-school. Would you like to go?"

Poor little Chang! How could he want to leave the kind missionaries, and the school, and all of his comrades? And yet to go to America! That was his dream. And to be with his father again. To a Chinese boy his father is almost an object of worship. The greatest sorrow in Chang's little life had been that his father had not cared for him. Now it seemed that he did care, that he wanted him.

"Well, Chang," the missionary was speaking again very kindly, with his hand placed lovingly on Chang's crisp black hair, "you think about it, and tell me when you have decided."

So it happened that Chang's tenth birthday found him on a ship bound for America. At last the day came when they were to go ashore. Tonight he would sleep in America!

He was puzzled by the noise and confusion of the landing. There was so much crowding, so much shouting of harsh-sounding words in strange languages. He held tightly to his father's hand and reassured himself by repeating over and over, "America; I am going to America."

Somehow it seemed to take a long time to get to America. He had thought they would be there as soon as they stepped off the boat. It seemed now, however, that they must do many strange, hard things before they would reach America. First they went through the customs house. Here tall, cross-looking officials asked his father impolite questions. Some of them seemed very rude indeed to the polite little Chinese. They looked through their things roughly and spoke harshly to Chang. He was

frightened and almost wished he had not come. Then there was a long, long wait and finally one of the officials came and told them sharply, "Sall right."

"What does he mean, Chang?"

Chang screwed up all his courage and, speaking in English, asked, "Sir, do you mean we may go to America?"

"You're on; that's America," and he pointed to the door.

Was that man an American? Chang could hardly believe it. He was so rude, so very unlike the kind missionary. But they must go. The official had pointed to the door.

They walked a long way down the crowded street. The missionary had said to find a Y. M. C. A. building, and Chang was looking for the sign. When he had become very tired he determined to ask some one. An old woman with a basket was approaching.

"She will tell me," thought Chang. But when she saw that the little lad was bowing to her and was evidently about to ask a favor, she cried sharply, "Get out, you little Chink; I ain't got nothing for you."

Poor little Chang! Never since he could remember had anything surprised or hurt him like that. The American lady had thought he was a beggar. Had called him a Chink! What should he do? Where could he hide his shame and confusion? He turned into a narrower, darker street, one that looked more like the streets at home; but the people here seemed even more unkindly. "Surely there is a mistake," he thought. "This is not America. Where is America?"

At last among all the strange new sounds he heard the sweet, familiar sound of a church bell. Not knowing what else to do, he turned his steps in the direction from which it came. His father followed him, sad and silent.

They came to a little white church. People were going in. How he wished he and his father might go, too, but after the harsh words he had met he dared not ask if they might enter. They passed sadly by.

Just then a large, rough-looking boy ran up and shouting, "Ching, Ching, Chinyman," snatched Chang's cap. Chang's father was enraged and would have caught the boy and punished him, which would surely have made much trouble for both of the strangers in a strange land, but at that moment, and so quickly Chang never did quite know how it all happened a man who stood on the porch of the church called out, "Bill Glyn, you will please bring back my friend's cap and apologize to him." The big boy came back with a sheepish grin on his face and gave back the cap, muttering, "Here, kid; I didn't mean anything."

"Now," continued Chang's friend, "ask the boy if you can do anything for him to make up for your rudeness."

Then Chang told his story to the rough-looking Bill and the "American." When he closed with his pleading question, "Where is America?" there was a shine in the tall teacher's eyes that might almost have been tears.

"We'll see, lad," he was saying, "if I can't help you find your America."

Chang and his father were taken to the Y. M. C. A. Work was found for the man and Chang was put in a public school, and both of them were enrolled in Sunday-school. The tall teacher was a friend in need to both of them during those lonesome days in this strange new land. Chang called him proudly "My American friend" and thought of him always as "the American." He was the bright spot in all Chang's little world.

At school some of the children were kind to him, and these, just in his own mind, he called American children, but some of them called him a Chink and made fun of his Chinese ways and his queer speech. These he called "barbarians."

Always he felt a little hungry place in his heart. Always he was searching and seeking for something which he could not find. Sometimes in the night he would look up at the far white stars, those same friendly stars which had smiled on him in China, and he would ask of them, "Is this America? Where is America?"

One day Chang was unable to go to school. The next day he was no better. The third day he was worse, and his father's face was troubled. Chang thought he heard him moaning, "If I had only stayed in China. If I had only stayed in China." But Chang was too sick to wonder why.

The next day was Sunday, and for the first time since he had come to this strange land Chang was not in Sunday-school.

The next day the American came to see him, but Chang was too sick to know him. He was saying over and over, "Where is America? I have found some Americans, but I cannot find America. In America the people are kind, like the missionary, for they know about God, the loving Father. They are Christians in America. Why can I not find America? Where is America?"

"Will he die?" It was Chang's father asking the question.

"I cannot tell." That was the American. "I will do what I can for him."

The child was taken to a Christian hospital and the best of doctors worked over him. The crisis came, and passed. Chang was better. Slowly as the days went by he gained in strength. He noticed the kindness of the nurses. He saw the smiling faces of the other patients. But Chang lay wan and unsmiling. Christian people came to tell him stories and to bring him flowers. Chang thanked them politely, but did not smile. One day he heard one of the nurses say, "I am afraid his heart has been broken. He would be all right if we could only make him happy." Chang did not know whom they were talking about, but he thought if any one's heart were broken he would surely die. He almost wished his heart were broken.

On Sunday afternoon "the American" came and was sitting at Chang's bedside. Chang liked that. Downstairs some Circle girls were singing hymns for the patients. Chang liked that, too. He could almost imagine as he lay back on his pillow that he was in China again. That he was back in the mission school and that his beloved missionary was beside him, and the girls from the girls' school were singing.

Suddenly he roused himself. What new song was that? He strained to catch the words.

"For purple mountain majesties beyond the fruited plain.

America, America, God shed His grace on thee

And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea."

Slowly a smile of perfect peace came over Chang's wan face. The American bent over him tenderly. "Are you happy, Chang?"

"Oh, teacher, I have found it," he cried. "I have found America!"—The King's Builder.